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The Washington Times

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WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 16, 1894.

Read To-morrow's TIMES!

It will contain the pretty little story:
Its news reports will be the completest and the briefest:
Its news for women will be worth dollars to them;
It will contain all the gossip of the day;
It is

The best as well as the cheapest!

The Weather To-day.
For the District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, fair; southeast winds; warmer, except in western part of Virginia.

CO-OPERATE—REALLY!

THE TIMES is a co-operative enterprise. Thousands of the work-a-day people of Washington have organized it, and they support it with their dollars and their dime, their good, hard effort, as well as their good, warm wishes. But, all of you, you readers who like an interesting newspaper when you see it—and we think you know it when you see it—talk about THE TIMES incessantly. Show copies to your friends; urge them to subscribe. Send their names and addresses to this office if you think they would like to read sample copies for a day or two. Talk to merchants about THE TIMES; patronize those who advertise in it. Then THE TIMES will be not merely a great and unqualified success; it will be an astounding success, notable in other cities, where co-operative enterprises are about to be tried, notable all over the country as a sample of what the plain, every-day people of a town can do when once they set about it.

HE HAD BETTER RUN AGAIN.

Mr. Breckinridge does not take the verdict kindly. He thinks the opposing lawyers were unscrupulous, the judge prejudiced, and that THE TIMES and other newspapers caused a public sentiment against him. Mr. Breckinridge, very naturally, does not see the facts as others see them. To us it will seem strange if there is not an almost universal approval of the verdict. Here again is an idol of the Kentucky people, a gifted, engaging man in the prime of life, gifted by his own statements of making improper advances to a girl or woman who, whatever her age, was his inferior in all worldly circumstances and experience, younger and under his special guardianship as the daughter of another member of orders that derive much of their supposed value from the protection they are thought to afford to the widows and orphans of deceased members. These are the facts, with the undeniable promise of marriage, that the jury decided on. The jury decided against him. The public seems to do the same. There is a way, Mr. Breckinridge, for you to test the public of your district, and it will have also the value of an unique experiment in American politics. Run again for Congress. You may be justified. Another thing, if you win and are economical, you might make a beginning towards paying off this \$15,000 damages.

WANTED: A LIVING CHANCE.

Printed in yesterday's TIMES was a communication addressed by the council of the carpenters to the editor of the National Building Register, who had referred to the supposed hostility of the carpenters to the employing builders of this city. The letter states the position of the carpenters better than any fewer words may do. But, briefly, they want a living chance. They can't expect, and do not expect, that the builders will build if it will not pay them. They make objection, however, and make it strongly, that the builders should cut their wages, for the simple reason that times have been hard, and many are out of work, and consequently that it may be supposed to be easy to fill the places of those who do not choose to submit. These skilled workmen are worthy of their hire. The best services of the unemployed is the kind that is well paid for and the kind that is given willingly. The carpenters do not notice that their landlords lower their rents; they fail to notice that the houses of these landlords earn any less money for them, as the times have grown worse. They think it unjust, therefore, that they should be compelled to accept less wages. But they will not be compelled.

THE BRECKINRIDGE VERDICT.

It did not require the quick verdict of the jury in the Breckinridge-Pollard breach of promise case to condemn the defendant, Congressman William C. P. Breckinridge, in the eyes of the public. He had already accomplished that end by his own testimony. From the moment that Breckinridge took the witness stand and cried out, like Adam in the garden of Eden, that the fault was all the woman's, he became an object of universal contempt. Men despised him for his cowardice, and women loathed him for the brutal admissions of lust which he made in that defense. So far as public opinion is concerned, the defendant was found guilty long before the trial ended.

But it is to the credit of this jury that they have found for the plaintiff. It seems impossible, in the light of the evidence, that they could have found otherwise. Madeline Pollard was a school girl. Breckinridge was forty-seven years of age, a married man with a family, an orator of national reputation, a pillar of the church, and a professed representative of all that was good in the proud commonwealth which had honored him with the seat of Henry Clay in the national House

of Representatives. The girl swore that he seduced her, and, although he tried, he could not prove that she was unchaste before he met her. She also swore that he promised to marry her, and her testimony was corroborated by such unimpeachable evidence that he was forced to admit the fact, but sought to avoid responsibility by pleading that the promise was simply an agreement to deceive. In the ten years of their illicit relationship, so far as the evidence goes, she had been true and faithful to him; and it was not until he had practiced on her the same base deceit which he had imposed upon the world that she turned to the law for protection and for revenge.

By his own admissions under oath Breckinridge was a liar, a hypocrite and a lecher. In the gratification of his diabolical lust he stopped at nothing. Wife, children, church, truth and honor were sacrificed to a passion which was as abnormal in its brutality as it was astounding in its degradation. Reeking with the pollution of crimes, which he brazenly admitted, his only defense against a claim for pecuniary damages was the oath of a self-confessed liar that the woman was responsible.

The \$15,000 damages which Breckinridge is required to pay under the verdict would be the least part of his punishment to any one less callous in crime, less brutal in lust, less steeped in hypocrisy than he. But his future must make even him shudder. The honorable state of Kentucky, whose proud boast is her woman and her chivalry toward women, will recognize him no longer as any son of hers. The nation, which was wont to listen eagerly for the eloquence of his silver tongue, will never consent to hear him again. Every father will strive that his sons may be unlike Breckinridge, and every mother will pray to a merciful God to protect her daughters from such men as he. Where truth is known, where honor is held dear, where fidelity is revered, and where the Christian religion is revered, the name of William C. P. Breckinridge will be a reproach and an offense. Like the serpent of Eden, he is cursed above every beast of the field.

As for Madeline Pollard, we can only quote the words of the Master: "Go thou, and sin no more." Pity must ever weep at a woman's fall; but if the courage of this one woman to demand justice in spite of her shame shall make modern satyrs less profligate in debauching women, shall encourage women wronged to right those wrongs, some good, at least, will have come of a great evil.

JAMES W. CLARKE.

HITS—OR MISSES.

Mr. Dana has sailed for Europe, but the office cat has been left behind; and what a fine cat it is, to be sure.

Comptroller Eckels is a good boy, and he can go to Boston as often as he chooses.

If there is really any danger from the Coxey army, Mr. Call, of Florida, might address them as they cross the boundary.

There are forty candidates for the Republican nomination for Governor of New York, not including John E. Milholland.

Mr. Robert A. Parke is passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad at this important center, and communication with New York city is again opened.

Clarke Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, is said to be suffering from another acute attack of hives.

Pretty soon it will be said of Richard Croker that he is building a \$1,000,000 mansion at Tigerville, S. C.

I have no use for this man Gresham, see—D. B. Hill.

Mr. Depew intends to run for President on a four track platform.

Perhaps Helen Gould will want to be divorced herself some time; then she won't blame little Odette Tyler so much.

Kentucky replicates Colonel Phil Thompson; and doubtless Colonel Phil Thompson will replicate Kentucky before long.

It is rumored that Mr. St. Gaudens will design a warm-weather medal before long.

Whether Col. Breckinridge and Miss Pollard know each other better than before, it is certain that the country knows them much better than it did before.

The cold weather dampened the insane ardor of the Spring poets, at any rate.

There is doubtless one member of the Senate who thinks that Col. Breckinridge's chief fault consisted in getting caught.

The business of cuckoo is not as popular as it was.

Joshua Quincy has not been heard of lately; which leads us to suppose that he has some terribly deep game on hand.

Call me anything but cuckoo.—D. B. Hill.

Modesty forbids that Congressman Everett should say what we would have us infer from his late speech warmly praising the distinguished ability of his father.

Mr. Breckinridge has been likened to every body except St. Anthony.

The Australian bull has no terrors for John Y. McKane; not now.

The Grangers would all support Dr. Depew. With regard to Mr. Hill and the Democratic party, each is as good as the other and a little better.

During his recent visit to Massachusetts Secretary Morton visited Cape Cod and showed the natives how cranberries are picked in Nebraska.

AS THE CROWDS COME OUT.

Willard Holcomb asks in that musical column of his the Post why when every other military organization is having a march written for it, some one don't write one for the colored battalion. Why don't you write it yourself, Billy?

During the second act of "Jane" one night recently as Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Allen seated themselves on the sofa one of the legs broke and the players were thrown on the floor. It was a ludicrous incident, and the audience laughed and shouted. Mr. Allen's next line is:

"There appears to be something radically wrong here."

Mrs. Fisher simply nodded her head and looked at the wrecked sofa. If the players had not been self-composed the accident might have spoiled the act. That's one of the stories about these clever people, but there are others.

When "Jane" was being played at Omaha recently one of the actors forgot his cue and did not appear at the proper time. Miss Yeamans, Mr. Jackson, Miss Fisher, and Miss Stevens were on the stage at this time patiently waiting. Every second seemed a minute, and presently the audience would have been aware that something had gone wrong. Miss Yeamans quickly turned toward a picture and said:

"Some one has ruined that painting."

"How?" asked Mr. Jackson.

"The canvas has been punctured by a cane, or umbrella, or something else."

The men and women gathered around the wrecked sofa and in the conversation suggested by Miss Yeamans, it can't have been very witty, those forced conversations never are, but it answered the purpose. The men finally came on and the act was saved.

During the San Francisco engagement the marriage certificate, which is so necessary to a plot, could not be found. The groom said: "I have it," exclaimed Miss Yeamans. "I've hidden it in my room."

She rushed off the stage and bumped into a man with a pipe in his fist. She grabbed it and rushed back.

"There's my certificate."

It was a clever trick and saved the scene,

but it caused trouble. The paper was a subpoena, and the man who held it was an officer. He was summoning one of the stage hands to testify in an important trial.

We are all agreed about "Jane" as being one of the comic comedies, and although Miss Yeamans has not been here before in the part made famous by Johnstone Bennett, she is acknowledged to be equal to it. Miss Yeamans in the little comedy "Blue Jeans" and Bill Hildard in half in "Blue Jeans" once.

And now it happens in this farce, or is it tragedy, in real life of the Coghlan, that Charles is again to join his sister. I reviewed the interesting little first acts of this play a week ago, the two wives for one man, the disavowal of the first on a fancied love for the second, the banishment of the erring man, the separation between this Lathrop and his young second love, her seeking for divorce, the return of the first to his home, and now the Coghlan will open an engagement for a summer season at the Madison Square theater in Charles Coghlan's "The New York Book," and the redoubtable Charles himself will take one of the leading parts.

I noticed that Lillian Lawrence and Joseph Wheelock took strong parts with marked success last week in the new "Rival Candidates" at Madison Square theater, New York.

The opposition of the Goulds to Odette Tyler was based upon the objection of Miss Helen Gould to receiving as a member of the family a woman whose divorced husband is still living. Miss Gould, it is well known, is a strict church member, and one of the pillars of the West Presbyterian church, until recently presided over by Dr. J. L. Paxton, and she is very stern regarding divorce.

VARIOUS EX-OFFICE HOLDERS.

Robert P. Porter, Mr. Harrison's Superintendent of the Porter census, smooth-faced, prosperous-looking, has been at the Shoreham. His errand here is mysterious, but it is doubtless important. Mr. Porter is now some sort of statistician for the famous Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. It is thought that his connection with the company is partly political and partly personal to Mr. Harper, the president, who is ambitious to be Governor of New York. Mr. Porter is a large sized man, and he is a large sized man. He was announced once upon a time that he had \$10,000 a year for editing the Press, it is rumored that he is a statistician. It is believed that his famous town in Tennessee, in which so many Senators and members had the reputation to be represented, is rather flat these times.

Another Harrison ex-office holder is Hon. John C. New, who is staying at the Riggs house. No one has succeeded in interviewing Mr. New, for he told Harry—Harry is his son and the Indianapolis Journal—that he would not allow any one to talk for publication on this trip. Mr. New looks quite as prosperous as Mr. Porter. Their plug hats resemble each other, and also their creased pairs of trousers. Mr. New is a large sized man. He is prepared to jump into the breach if Mr. Harrison should want to be nominated again; and as he had much to do with both the nominations of Taylor and McKinley, it is to be inferred that he would really have much to do with the next.

A prominent Harrison ex-office holder and the best authority upon the subject of the central American affairs is General Daniel Macanley. He still lives in Washington, and is frequently seen telling stories to prominent people upon the streets here. It is understood that he is attached to the cause of the present Nicaragua canal proposition, and that with his diplomatic powers and his knowledge of the language of the only living President, the Germans, and the Irish, he is in a position to be invaluable to the canal. He is likely to proceed to Nicaragua at any moment, I am told.

Pert, Philosophical, Pleading.
[From the Wisconsin Republican.]
Marshall Cushing is the editor of the new Washington Times. During the four years of Mr. Wanamaker's administration as Postmaster General Mr. Cushing, as that official's private secretary, edited the 60,000 post offices in this country, and he performed the task with such quiet yet such brilliant and successful activity that not a single one of the large army of stamp sellers ever supposed that he was not the particular and only object of official consideration and care. But it was not staidly alone that characterized Mr. Cushing's contact with the post offices. He displayed a remarkable insight into human nature and the needs of the public, and he gently coaxed the postmasters into adopting his suggestions for the public benefit with a readiness that often seemed born of the instinct of self-sacrifice. Now a man who has such a record as this can conduct a newspaper successfully. We are so morally certain of this that we predict for Mr. Cushing a most distinguished career in the journalistic field, and for his new Washington venture a permanent field of activity and usefulness. THE TIMES is the organ of the industrial classes and the nation's capital. It is mechanically a beauty and characteristically pert, philosophical, and pleasing.

For the Good It Can Do.

Washington City has a new paper, THE WASHINGTON TIMES, which styles itself "The People's Paper," because 10,000 people are interested in its establishment. This new paper starts out with the very best Union workmen and their friends have contributed to its capital. Every stockholder in the company is a worker and producer, and, therefore, it is free from the dictation of capital and unshackled regarding politics. It is in the hands of capable, courageous newspaper men, and all in all, never was a paper started under such flattering auspices. We predict that THE WASHINGTON TIMES will be a success, and a power for good in the land.

For the wrongs that need resistance.

For the cause that needs assistance.

For the good that it can do.

ABLE EDITORIAL AND LOCALITY.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES is the latest venture in the morning paper field at the national capital. It is established as a co-operative institution, and has over 4,000 stockholders, not one of whom is worth more than \$5,000, and all of whom are working people. The paper is a four-page, seven-column sheet, handsomely printed. It has an exceptionally able force of editorial and local writers, and is supplied with telegraphic news by the Associated Press. All the members of organized labor have pledged their support and agreed to trade with such business men as give it their advertisements. The management announced that it was on a paying basis when its first number was printed.

Gotten Up Very Well.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES has been established at the national capital by the co-operation of the members of Columbia Typographical Union, No. 101, and it is the direct outgrowth of the crowding out of printers from other offices by type-setting machines. The new paper is self-sustaining from the start, and promises to enjoy a long season of success. It is certainly gotten up in a way to entitle it to the hearty support of the people of Washington city.

Entered a Virgin Field.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES, one of the latest aspirants in the newspaper field, is now nearly three weeks old, and is a remarkably healthy-looking young man. In attempting to give the capital a clean, bright, new, 1-cent newspaper Editor Marshall Cushing and his

Advertised by Loving Friends

Destined to Become a Power.

Less than a month ago there was started at the national capital a 1-cent morning daily, which is destined to become a power in the land and to make money for the men who own it. This is THE WASHINGTON TIMES, a crisp, snappy, four-page, seven-column paper, which on its face contains all the elements of success. For years the people of Washington have read their local news in the Baltimore Sun, for the good reason that Washington had no daily with spunk enough to print what the citizens of Washington wanted to read. THE TIMES not only "sees" the Baltimore Sun, but "goes" it several better, and it is particularly strong in bright local sketches that are written so well they must be read. Then, again, the editorials should not be forgotten.

The editor of THE TIMES is Marshall Cushing, who has seen more newspaper work, and done it, too, than falls to the lot of the average man. "Cush" graduated from Harvard college with honors, went to the Boston Globe, and there did some of the best work ever done on that paper. From there he went to Washington as private secretary to Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. Again he went into the newspaper business, and under C. M. Hammond, of the New York Press, he went to Indianapolis and made himself "solid" with the President-elect Harrison. When Harrison was inaugurated Mr. Cushing was made private secretary to Postmaster General Wanamaker, and for four long years lived in official glory. During this time he wrote and published a big book upon the mail service of the United States, which has had a wonderful sale. Finally, to crown his success, he has taken charge of the brightest and best paper in the prettiest city of the world.

"Cush" is a good boy. He richly deserves all the success he has won. May he and his shadow continue to grow until the whole nation shall know him and appreciate him even as he is known and appreciated by his friends.

Farmers Have Stock in This.

There is a striking similarity between the establishment of THE WASHINGTON TIMES and the reasons which led up to the Tribune falling into the hands of the present management. THE TIMES may have a few more editors, reporters, and printers in its employ, but the same kind of stockholders is a stockholder in the Tribune, and those who are not wish it well. Over 1,500 farmers in Eastern Oregon are stockholders in the Tribune, and those who are not speak well of the paper and hope soon to be able to become such. A share of stock in the daily is worth \$7.50, and entitles the holder to a copy of the paper for one year, and a share of stock in the weekly, now selling for \$1.50, entitles the subscriber to a copy of the weekly for twelve months. There is not an idler among them; they represent the brains and brawn of this great agricultural, stock-raising, and manufacturing center. Some of our stockholders are dairy farmers, while others are in the land and cattle many times \$5,000, but they come by it honorably. Immigrating to this western country in the long ago, suffering all the hardships of pioneer life, settling and making a successful and comfortable home, and advertising, they will not wonder, however they made it possible for others less intrepid to venture westward.

It Will Be Doable and Funny.

There is a new morning paper in Washington—THE TIMES. Marshall Cushing is the editor. Col. Cushing edited the Post Office Department in the day of Wanamaker. He is as bright as a sunbeam and as doable as a rattlesnake. THE TIMES will be just like him.

It Is Very Handsome.

Washington has a new morning paper, THE TIMES, with Marshall Cushing as editor. It is a seven-column, four-page paper, and sells for 1 cent. It is owned by a large number of stockholders, who are all workingmen, printers, etc., and is independent in politics. It is a very handsome paper.

Bright and Crisp.

Under the editorial management of Marshall Cushing the WASHINGTON TIMES gives promise of becoming very popular. The news is presented in a bright, crisp manner, and the aim seems to be to make a paper for the general public.

Vest Working Hard for Taylor.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, is hard at work endeavoring to secure the confirmation of Charles H. Taylor, the colored man from Kansas, who has been nominated to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia. Seven of the nine members of the district committee are opposed to Taylor's confirmation, and his rejection is generally anticipated. In the fight for Taylor Senator Vest is assured of the cordial support of Senator Martin of Kansas, who is one of the principal backers of the objectionable nominee. Senator Vest says that Taylor has built up a large colored Democratic organization in Missouri. Senator Vest does not take much stock in the colored Democratic idea. It was suggested to Senator Vest that if he would take the trouble to go to Kansas, he would find a large number of highly colored Taylor supporters who would be glad to see him. To this suggestion it is understood that both of the Senators objected, on the ground that such an appointment would not be popular with the rank and file of the Democratic party in those states.

Delights of Detroit Girls.

The liberty given to New York World and western girls has not paralleled anywhere. In a city like Detroit if you go to a ball and ask a young lady to go with you it involves going to her house and taking her to the ball. There you must supply her with partners for all the dances, take her into supper, and in the morning take her out of the city. She always has her own latch-key, and either bids you good-night on the threshold or asks you to talk over the events of the evening. All through the South and the West, the girls of the town are not the slightest impropriety in this. Custom sanctions it, and it is a case where the mother has been wholly dispensed with as a chaperone.

Senator Hill Educates Boys.

Senator Hill certainly has a good characteristic, and that is his interest in young men and the manner in which he helps them along. He has educated a number of boys while he was Governor of New York. He lives with his family in the executive mansion and studied medicine at his expense. The young man is now practicing his profession. Hill is several years older than the average boy through college, and he spends a good sized amount every year in paying the educational expenses of those who cannot pay the necessary money themselves.

Thurber and Chi Ride Horseback.

Thurber is becoming an equestrian in fine ability. He goes out into the country every afternoon with Assistant Secretary Uhl, and the two delight in rapid canter over the roads around Tennallytown and Brightwood. Uhl is a big, burly fellow, and rides a little horse. Thurber is slight and wiry, and mounts an animal which could conveniently carry three times his weight. The two equestrians make an odd pair, but the light of the health is coming into the private secretary's eyes, and that is all he cares for.

He Wasn't Kicking.

"We have queer experiences in the house of mourning," said the clergyman of the party. "It was only a few weeks ago that I called upon a middle-aged housemaker, who had lost his wife. I spoke to him as I thought meet, and especially enjoined upon him the duty of being cheerful. 'Why didn't you do that,' he interrupted me to say in a quiet tone. 'Oh, that's all right, Mr. Proffert; I ain't a kickin'—I'm a Boston Transcript.'

Ships That Pass in the Night.

They were married in Washington, D. C., and each soon considered the other a G. A. Warren she did not get this far, he interrupted me to say in a quiet tone. 'Oh, that's all right, Mr. Proffert; I ain't a kickin'—I'm a Boston Transcript.'

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associates entered upon a virgin field, and it is gratifying to note the immediate success their efforts are meeting. The executive heads of the several departments have surrounded themselves with brainy, aggressive men, to judge from the excellence of the paper they are turning out. Typographically THE WASHINGTON TIMES is attractive. The paper consists of four pages daily and eight or sixteen pages on Sundays.

Has a Prosperous Voyage Ahead.